

LIFE & STYLE

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Preface

One of my aims in writing these poems was to situate a gendered, lyrical subjectivity within the language of MySpace, a site that intrigues me in that its form dictates so overtly as to nearly narrate the continual collapse of all forms of identity into identities of commodification & commodity consumption. The content of most of the poems is collaged from MySpace, and the forms come from a variety of authors: Emily Dickinson, Arthur Rimbaud, Thomas Wyatt, William Butler Yeats, the Gawain poet, and Charles Baudelaire. I found text to collage by putting phrases from the source poems into the MySpace search function and snagging language from the profiles that popped up.

Girls Came to America

Girls believed that virgins were saints, and that they were little white Reese's Cups before school like some sort of prophet or saint who saw them naked. They were talking about losing their cherry to so-and-so. Girls proudly told a fifteen-year-old lifeguard that they were very curious about French-kissing a boy or rather a make-believe character, and he asked them if they were lesbians and they replied that they were like ravens. They believed virginity was when they hadn't skied. They believed they were vegetarians who were never going to see unicorns, and they would never know about wet dreams or the 'golden vagina.'

10098737

Love money and drugs
Of its audience I quailed
Tongues of Diamonds
But why is the rum gone?

Life is ours my babe—
I try to flee for the delighted
Crew—You have medium
Extroversion—of Strangers

Is the Earth the Inn—Last
Of a dying Breed have
No preference in Villages
Or you have the spirit
Of a red dragon—brooding—
It's your love.

Vowels

A Ahah, O ok, Y yeah, H ha, S so: springfest,
On the sweetest Sunday ever, I will write to you on my report:
A, ahah the train out of Port Credit, which has a bucket of cheap drinks,
Leaves the most amazing burp of my life.

Damn my French skin, O, the sun treated me okay.
Sparklers of Wendy's hot tubs, quiverings of check check;
Y, I feel like a chicken wing still laughing over
Our lunch date. Black lights, neon paint, model poses, gummi bears;

H, come on in, the water's fine. I cycle everyday.
I enjoy going down to the river with my dog Staffie,
Who is my baby. A print on the "Godfather of Ska";

S, so red heads rock of my best friend,
My spare time crossed by HIM tech and cold winter:
—S, the Profile, a happy day from the bubbly chick.

Whoso List to Hunt

Just saw your celebrity pile of flesh.
I am a poet, I love it, I work
Shipped to Iraq anyway, without the canteen
& a new video game left behind.
You must send to fourteen females that national
Novel month to assume that the devil does
Not desire peace, beyond and beyond
Epilepsy in not what you have, not what
You are the next room cast highly for doubt,
The illusory nature of grasping.
And Krista in the sky with diamonds, say,
And today America marks bottles
Of Coca-Cola, *Noli me tangere*,
For Caesar's I am, it will be filled in.

The Magi

Now I remembered that day over vacation when I threw
a Hot Topic bag with you and Jess, in off-limit
animals I love developing and undeveloping those
balloons. With direction to sailors and this strange
cough of my little doggie, long-haired. And a
sense of humor on beer and wine, makeup, by Calvary's
hope light shining in the night, my little doggie,
my American paint horse stallion, is it safe to come out now?

The Beheading Game

And since secret Paris stared, secret Chloe Sevigny stared
Bold boys bred there in broils delighting
In delight the day of the dead felt fixed
Sickos sprung open in space
As anthropoids we are who we are
Happy to have Jewel's happy secret
Around The Onion, the Ozarks, stories for orgasm,
We are who we say we are, her uterus opened
With Halo, shout out the halo hell-harvest
And then? A marvel among men. Mischa
Barton met Tom Cruise. A babe was born
unmatched, unaccounted by terror

armed.

As the babe broke open
Off went the whirlwind alarm
To happen to happen to happen
To take it home as charm.

Tristesses de la Lune

Tonight do you feel like making and dipping hummus?
Like an enigma, fairies and pixies are dying as we speak,
Who want me singing while cleaning the kitchen in Uptown,
Where your longboarding sessions took long enough,

Querying, how are the boobs, by the way?
On the amazing witness of a stickler technical,
69 subtracts the clothes of condom-split,
And every time you masturbate, God kills a kitten.

Who looks at those lips sweet as sugar, kissing
The screen every time I go to the house,
Fire-engine red who can find happiness,

He converts a unique load up of months with Vegas
Which doesn't need electricity when you're around
And puts it in a drinking day, far from the join-or-lie douche.

1304

When the moon turns face
It's Earth—every month
Dazzling sugar, Really—
Power unlimited.

All my life—
Singing unto Alicia I am
By boys' school only
Magnanimous as Angle

From DC across body—
By manipulating you,
You scored as demon—
You could not see in Vegas

A blackberry so small—
Not with a scalpel.
Vinyl will kill—we heart
American eyes.

MARIE BUCK is originally from South Carolina. She just finished her MFA at the University of Massachusetts-Amherst and has recently moved to Detroit to study at Wayne State University. Her poems may be found in recent issues of *How2*, *President's Choice*, and *The Physical Poets*. She edits, with Brad Flis, the mostly-poetry journal *Model Homes*.

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